AS D. A. R. PAGES

Fair Society Girls from All Miss Parts of U. S. to Adorn Congress Here.

TO ATTEND MRS. STORY

More than 150 of the prettiest young society girls to be found from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, will serve as piages at the twenty-fourth annual congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which will begin here Monday.

Miss Elsie Dandridge, of Frankfort, Ky., who last year served as personal page to Mrs. William Cumming Story, Dresident general, has been reappointed. Other pages to the president general are:

Miss Emeline Batten, Montclair, N. J.; Miss Elizabeth G Blanche, William Cumming Story, Miss Emeline Batten, Montclair, N. J.; Miss Madeleine Sibine Callagian, Washington; Miss Malgraret Princip Mande Hawkins, Shaboryan, Wia, Miss Madeleine Sibine Callagian, Washington; Miss Margaret Princip Mande Hawkins, Shaboryan, Wia, Miss Madeleine Sibine Callagian, Washington; Miss Margaret Princip Mande Hawkins, Shaboryan, Wia, Miss Madeleine Sibine Callagian, Washington; Miss Margaret Princip Humes, Philadelphia; Miss Makele Cooper, New Oriecans; Miss S. Elizabeth D. Horses, Malanche Congression, Miss Margaret Princip Humes, Philadelphia; Miss Makele Cooper, New Oriecans; Miss S. Elizabeth D. Miss Margaret Princip Humes, Philadelphia; Miss Makele Cooper, New Oriecans; Miss S. Elizabeth D. Miss Margaret Princip Humes, Philadelphia; Miss Makele Cooper, New Oriecans; Miss S. Elizabeth P. Jos, Grosse Point Farms, Mich; Miss Barriet L. Kestney, Duccarrick, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Mabele Canton, Ohio; Miss Mabele Rhett Goode, Mobile, Ala; Miss Ganfotte B. Gridley, Washington; Miss Barriet L. Kestney, Duccarrick, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Mabele Preton, Balt, Miss Mary D. Margaret Princip Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Mary P. Margaret Princip Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Mary P. Margaret Miss Miss M



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Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere eral sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book dress post-card "Cuticura," Dept. 21F, Boston.

The floor pages are:
Miss Caroline H. Arme, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Miss Mary Emily Allis, Derby, Conn.; Miss Charlotte Allison, Brooklyn; Miss Jean Keller Anderson, Memphis; Miss Sara M. Anderson, Melford, Del.; Miss Dorothy Banker, Eranston, Ill.; Miss Cotine Batchelder, Peoria; Miss Sara B. Bartlet, Roxburry, Mass.; Miss Marion Base, Newtonville, Mass.; Miss Marion Base, Newtonville, Mass; Miss Elesnor Baxter, Knorville; Miss Hattle Warren Birge, Washington; Miss Imilda L. Buckingham, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Isolene Orme Campbell, Atlanta; Miss Lney Alice Candler, Washington; Miss Florence M. Cozart, Lamar, Ark; Miss Ruth W. Childs, Brattleboro, Vt.; Miss Alice Benson Clark, Dover, N. H.; Miss Natalie B. Crary, Wilkesbarre; Miss Lucy Mellwane Davis, Petersburg; Miss Mary Lee Dinwiddie, Fowler, Ind.; Miss Mary Emerson Dobis, Sussex, Va.; Miss Anne K. Dreischbach, Lewisburg, Fa.; Miss Katherine Fenner, Halifax, N. C.; Miss Anny Collier Ferrill, Batesville, Ark,; Miss



greater singer than the world had ever singing with the abandonment of one yet produced. And as his eyes met those

rang out. And then the song died in mid-air, seemed to halt upon its course. The singer's hand clutched at his throat, clutched desperately there as though by sheer brote strength he would force out A laugh hurtled from the gallery, the laugh that was sufficient to guide the mob. It grew in volume, grew so that its sound penetrated the heavy curtain as it elowly descended upon a wild-eyed, sobbing tenor, who glared pitcoustrees the heavy of a laughing remember.

from whom all shackles are broken, sing-ing as the composer had dreamed his pride, of pride in ownership, of under-opera might be some day sung by a standing that told him she had forgiven his shoulder. But over that head his Forgotten the document in her handwas willing to forgive much more than—
Clear, ringing, sweet toned as any bell, holding the audience spellbound, of file was in the director's eves as the child, that he was the man she had loved

of flint was in the director's eyes as the specialist shook his head to indicate the death of another voice. death of another voice.

The singer's hand clutched at his throat, clutched desperately there as though by sheer brute strength he would force out the sounds that the vocal chords refused to give. His lips opened, and closed, closed and opened. A mute he stood there, a ludicrous mute, sawing the air with his hands, desperately, wildly—

WIII.

death of another voice.

"It is the fault of the atmosphere, the atmosphere, the cumbing to exposure at the dark water-side where he might have contemplated making his final resting place—he was still her husband just as he always had been.

She did not heed the curious glances of the nurses nor the internes as she demanded admittance to his bedside. That the story of the celebrity's downfall, the voice of the world.

VIII.

Ann Merwin's hands still gripped tightmob. It grew in volume, grew so that its sound penetrated the heavy curtain as it slowly descended upon a wildsyed, sobbing tenor, who glared piteously at the back of a laughing woman in the box at the head of the diamond horseshoe.

Ann Merwin's hands still gripped tightdivorce and attendant scandal belonged to the world meant nothing to her. A glower—she demanded the right to be with her husband in his hour of need.

She did not shrink away from the of Henry Merwin, her husband, toward the woman, the laughing woman's back, wards through which they passed. The woman, the laughing woman's back, the oliga Drake who sat in the head box of the diamond horseshoe.

With the ready effervescent sympathy Ann Merwin's hands still gripped tight

-the man she loved still.
Voiceless, forsaken by friends, an ob-

divorce and attendant scandal belonged On and on and on, interminably, and to the world meant nothing to her. A always with that same piteous appeal, queen—she demanded the right to be that same throbbing note of heart-rend-

That her husband was just such another dependent upon a city's charity meant nothing to her.

She felt a little pain in her heart as the that cot, then bravely moved forward again. The interne rested his hand upon ject of pity and contempt, a vagrant suc-cumbing to exposure at the dark water-side where he might have contemplated there and desire to avoid harm coming

as the superintendent of the hospital tried to suppress the pity in his look with which he accepted the money she had placed upon his desk, when she fied from that ward, fied from that voice.

"When he is well," she said quietly, "give him this money. Say it is from a —a friend."

"But—"

"From-a-friend," she repeated softly, a faint smile upon her lips.

She rose suddenly for the scent of roses was in her nostrils, the vision of far-flung hills in her eyes, with a tiny

END OF THE FIRST STORY.

The second story, "The Pursuit of

Begins Monday, April 19th Every Morning Exclusively in

w Washington Therald

OUR COUNTRY BY OUR PRESIDENT

A Fascinating, Easy-to-Read, Daily Column by President Woodrow Wilson

Most Instructive Special Feature Ever Offered by a Newspaper to Its Readers

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY,

Arrogant with the delightful arrogance of the artist who has worked hard for achievement his eyes sought those of Olga Drake in her box at the head of the diamond horseshoe. That very day Ann had been granted her interlocutory decree of divorce; that very day a sen-sational newspaper had whispered the name of Miss Drake in connection with that very day he had boasted to he that he would make amends for that: and now-now, in the first performance of the widely heralded new opera, he was singing as he had never sang before,

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MOTION PICTURES.

When the Ambitious Man



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There has never been a time when it has been more important to every citizen to be familiar with the history of our country, and with our position and rights both as a nation and in relation to other nations.

Madalla

Begin the First Installment of "Our Country' by Our President in The Washington Herald on Monday, April 19th